aMONG CANNIBALS. An Account of Four Years' travel in Australia and of Camp Life with the Aberigines of Queensland. By Carl Lumboliz, V. A. Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson. With pertrait, maps, four chromo-lithographs and wood cuts. 8vo, pp. 395. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The travels recorded in this volume were undertaken partly at the expense of the University of Christiania, with the object of making collections for the University museums, and of making researches into the customs and anthropology of the little-known tribes of Australia. Mr. Lumholtz spent four years-from 1880 to 1884-in the expedition, visiting South Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, spending nearly a year at Gracemero in Central Queensland, exploring Western Queensland, but with generally poor Sesults, and finally selecting Northern Queensland as his chief base of operations. It was in this rovince, in the valley of Herbert River, that he lived alone with the "black fellows"; a race of people, as he observes, "whose culture-if indeed they can be said to have any culture whatever-must be characterized as the lowest to be found among the whole genus homo sapiens." The chief interest of this work lies in the fact that it is a contemporary study of people not yet emerged from the Stone age, and from observation of whose development, such as it is, we can derive more accurate knowledge of the beginnings of civilization than archaeological research can possibly afford.

The North Queensland savages are still cannibals. Mr Lumboltz had plenty of evidence of this, though he does not appear to have ever seen them in the act of eating human fiesh. normal condition of these savages is inter-tribal var, and this, no doubt, was the state of the Every tribe, and often subearliest society. divisions of the same tribe, are at feud with one another and all the rest; the stranger is universally regarded as fair game, and especially as being providentially offered for the pot. A certain path to distinction among them is skill in furnishing human meat, which is not to be considered a staple, but as a highly prized luxury. When the black fellows feel the need of a Delnico dinner, so to speak, they send out their erafty man-hunters, and prepare to dish up the stranger within their gates. Sometimes the harmless necessary stranger is sadly wanting. Then, if they are very sharp-set, they perhaps make an excuse for killing one of their own women, or a plump baby or so. Babies, as an element of the cuisine, are highly appreciated, their tenderness being recalled with watering of the mouth and gentle sighs of satisfaction.

The North Queensland "black fellows" entirely naked, like some of the Central African tribes, whose habits theirs resemble in many They grease their bodies whenever they can; they plaster their hair with fat or clay into all kinds of queer shapes; they have the trick of standing on one leg and resting the sole of the other foot upon the side of the supporting limb. The first thing likely to impress the reader is the remarkable fortitude and endurance of the traveller who for a scientific purpose could sublect himself to such a life as must be lived with ife in his hand, for the black fellows are inturably treacherous, and, like the Fiji islanders, have an unpleasant predilection for knocking is this propensity that the white settlers make it a rule never to let a native follow them. Mr. Lumboltz tells a curious anecdote in this consection. A certain half-civilized native was out hunting with his white employer, who was in front, when the native suddenly asked to be alhe frankly owned that so long as his employer was in front he had an almost unconquerable desire to kill him, and that under the circumstances he thought the best plan was to put temptation out of his way. The settler thought so too, and doubtless reflected upon the risk he had been taking, with rather a gruesome feeling. It was necessary to watch the black fellows

constantly, and to keep on good terms with them, but never to let them lose their awe of the white man's superiority. The general treatment of them was delicate and difficult, for they must be fed | raids of the black police. and furnished with tobacco, or nothing could be done with them; but, on the other hand, if they great abundance, they would refuse to do any work, and would become insolent and dangerous. They appeared incapable of gratitude, as a rule, one of their number only attaching himself with snything like fidelity and affection to Mr. Lumholtz, who, indeed, owed his life to this man Yokkai. Yet, when the traveller parted from his aboriginal friend finally, the savage manifested no emotion whatever, no regret at the separation, scarcely any comprehension of what was taking place. Life with these people was, of course, reduced to its simplest elements. Mr. Lumboltz used to go among them with a small stock of civilized provisions and tebacco, and with these he organized hunting expeditions and pursued the larger marsupials which were on his scientific proflized food would be used up, and then it became necessary to fall back upon the native menu, which was composed of snakes, lizards, the larvae of beetles and other insects, grasshoppers, ants, cooking by pounding, reasting and scaking. Our to have taken to this regime with few qualms or internal revolts. If occasionally he complains, it. is because of the dryness and insipidity of the snakes upon which he had dined, and not at all The python, of the hunt, capture and cookery of which he gives a spirited account, seems to have been exceptionally savory and juicy. He speaks of that banquet with something not far removed from enthusiasm, and it is evident that the succulence of the great serpent was an abiding

Some readers will think that when it comes to eating large, fat! white worms, the line might very well be drawn; but Mr. Lumboltz calmly browns his larvae over the wood embers, crunches them, and remarks judicially upon their distinctly nutty flavor. He ate ant eggs too with apparent gusto, and found them pleasant to the taste; and indeed few travellers seem to have been as thoroughly fitted to do equal and exact justice to all the peculiarities of savage diet. How the black fellows stand cold weather is curious. They never wear clothes, and the thermometer sinks below the freezing-point in North Queensland sometimes. But these hardy fellows sleep stark naked on the coldest nights, and though they are made somewhat uncomfortable, it does not appear that they often take cold. It is, in fact, only after they have adopted the white custom of wearing clothes that they begin to become sensitive and subject to pulmonary complaints. They do suffer from rheumatism in their native state. though to avoid it they sleep late, having the habit of lying until the heavy dew has dried off the grass-that is, until about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. They are, of course, very indolent, and, like all savages, put the hard work upon their women, whom, however, they seem on the whole to treat rather better than some savages. Their marriages are both exogamous and endogamous; in fact, there is plainly no settled rule. They are fond of stealing one another's wives, and the only means of retaliation for such a theft is lows, is as harmless as with some modern followers of the code.

At intervals tribes meet by appointment to settle their differences by combat. The fighting is done with heavy wooden swords and wooden shields. It is seldom that any one is killed in these encounters, and one reason of the general immunity is the practice of interference by the female relatives the moment one of the combatants is seen to be in danger. Then the old women rush forward, and with long sticks defend their cham- and an index.

pion. There is a great deal of parade and display at these "Canobarees," and the usual savage simulation of passion and bloodthirsty intent. But the truth is, that when the black fellows are seriously bent upon slaughter, nothing is further from their ideas than encounter with the foe in the open, or by daylight. Always the savage notion of warfare is to inflict as much damage as possible upon the enemy at the least possible cost to one's self. They have no sense of fair play, which would seem to them merely idiotic, and there can be little doubt that in regard to the theory and practice of war they have the weight of logic on their side, and usually kill or capture all the ablebodied people. They never massacre the women and children, confining themselves to taking a few of these for the purposes of the feast which follows the foray. Sympathy with the victims of cannibalism appears out of place almost when we learn that mothers not infrequently kill and help to eat their own children, and that even when the death of a child has been against its mother's wish, she generally comes round sufficiently to share the repast. From these traits it is evident that in his rudimentary state man is actually below what he calls the brute creation, in some important particulars?

The black fellows, of course, have no history, but they possess a number of epic chants, as they termed by a stretch of fancy. Thes songs celebrate the deeds of certain warriors, but may be where or when living there is nothing to indicate. As each tribe speaks a special dialect of its own it follows that many songs get disseminated, of which the learners have no comprehension, thoughthey get them by rote, and repeat them with as much pleasure as those which they understand. Mr. Lumboltz, when off- on hunting expeditions often listened at night for hours to his native followers chanting these elementary songs and poems to the circle around the campfire. blacks appear to have no religion. They have a vague belief in a devil, whom it is necessary to propitiate or avoid. Certain localities th regard as haunted by this demon, and they will not pass the night in any such place. They also have a belief in a future state, fearing the return of warrior-ghosts especially, and taking various precautions against such revisiting the glimpses of the moon; as for instance, by tying the legs of the corpse so that he cannot take to walking, or by fastening him down in his grave with ligatures or otherwise. Of God these savages do not appear to have the remotest conception. The supernatural exists for them only in the form of terror. The beauties of Nature have no meaning to them. Sunrise and sunset suggest nothing to them, neither verdure and repose of the forest, nor the refreshing sparkle and musical sound of the mountain Only in the storm, the cold wind, the drouth, do they recognize the evidence of any power beyond themselves, and then they conceive of a purely malignant force.

Mr. Lumboltz does not fail to suggest that perhaps these natives may have religious views which they regard as too sacred to reveal strangers, and especially to the dreaded white men; but, though it is well to make allowance for that possibility, we do not think the presumption at all strong in its favor. Judging from all the evidence here adduced, we should be inelined to conclude that any such reticence im plies a delicacy of thought far beyond their cathese wretched savages. Mr. Lumholtz took his pacity. It seems more likely that they really have no reservation, but show themselves just as they are, shallow and crude, and incapable of strong emotions or profound conceptions. It is evident people on the head from behind. So well known that the tendency to ascribe whatever is mysterious to diabolical agency is fostered to some extent by the character of the country, the scenery of which, while often grand, is distinctly melancholy, even to the whites. The spirit " Kyingan," which is the native devil, does not appear to be personified, but is rather regarded as a pervading lowed to go first. His reason being demanded sinister influence. Generally speaking, it may be thought to stand for the savage's fear of the darkness, which is that of children. Childishness is, the prevailing characteristic in this stage of development. There is no sense of responsibility. no honor, immense vanity, a purely animal cruelty and complete want of foresight. The blacks live for the moment, and let the morrow take care of itself. Of course contact with the white men has morally, and they are dwindling away, even where of a new sphere of action for his restless intellect. been disastrous to them both physically and not thinned out by the ferocious and merciless

According to Mr. Lumboltz these black police this volume: SUMMUM BONUM. curse to the country, and their white offiis murdered by black fellows, the usual procedure is to order an attack upon the nearest tribe of natives. This is called "dispersing" them, and the end is always a wholesale massacre, in which women and children are slaughtered as pitilessly as the men. The author, however, was to learn by unpleasant personal experience that sometimes the police will screen black murderers, for he nearly lost his life through the faithlessness of a police captain who refused to seize and hold a notorious black desperado who had already murdered one white man. The inconveniences of camp life with the blacks may seem from what has been said to be quite sufficient, but in truth the full extent of them has not been presented. gramme. After a longer or shorter time the civ- The country is full of venomous snakes; in fact, nearly all the snakes are venomous, and several Then there are colossal spiders: ticks, which burrow into the flesh; flies which bite flercely and constantly; and various other wild honey and poisonous fruits, prepared for reptilian and entomological pests. Walking through the grass entails attacks upon the intrepid and phenomenally peptic explorer appears traveller's feet and legs by ravenous leeches. Drinking and bathing in the rivers are enlivened by the necessity of keeping a sharp lookout for erccodiles. At night the adventurous white man who camps with the natives has to be on the because he had been reduced to a snake dinner. watch against murderous attacks. If he is hunting for animal specimens, his native helpers will steal and cat what he shoots, or if the game escapes them the derigoes, or native dogs, will do their best to appropriate it. To make a collection under these difficulties and drawbacks prove remarkable patience and vigilance, but Mr. Lum holtz appears to have been successful beyond ex

> The game of Australia, as every one is peculiar. That country, having shared the glacial epochs which made so many changes in the fauna of the rest of the earth, has retained descendants of the most primitive families of the mammalia. Nearly all its larger animals are marsupials, or pouched animals: kangaroos, wellabys, wombats, so called opossums, flying-foxes, mountain-kangaroos, and what not. The "old-man" kangaroo is the only one of the large animals which makes a game defence when hunted, but he often kills the dogs, and sometimes even rips open a horse or a man with the powerful claw on his hind foot. Mr. Lumboltz was so fortunate as to discover four new mammals and several beetles and other insects during his wanderings. Toward the last his situation became very dangerous. He had lost his prestige, and the blacks only waited a good B. opportunity to kill him. Twice in one day his life was threatened, and he escaped by mere accident, for he did not know until later the peril to which he had been exposed.

appearance of the Australian aborigines can be prevented. The last Tasmanian has already died: the Maoris are fast vanishing, though a superior race, and the black fellows are plainly doomed. They cannot learn, and they will not try. The competition with civilization is hopeless to them. appeal to the duello, which, with the black fel- There is, however, the more reason for studying them carefully while such study is possible, and Mr. Lumholtz has done a good work in collecting so considerable a magazine of information about what is perhaps the lowest surviving star of human development. His book, as translated by Professor Anderson, is brightly and picturesquely written, and the perfectly natural style of the author adds to the interest which is inherent in good, and the work is provided also with maps

BROWNING'S LAST VERSES.

A GLIMPSE OF HIS EARLY METHOD. ASOLANDO. Fancies and Facts. By Robert Brown ing. 12mo, pp. 114. Houghton, Millin & Co.

This little volume contains what are probably the last verses of Robert Browning; at least, it includes all that he was willing to give to the publie up to last October, and the presumption is that between the middle of that month-which is the date of the dedication of "Asolando"-and his death he wrote little or nothing, so that we may conclude this to be his final expression. There is nothing of special mark in the volume. It is characterized by all the poet's later mannerisms, and-though possibly this is an unconscious afterthought, growing out of the known fact of his death-it exhibits, even in its more energetic verses, a certain decline of vitality to be expected with the coming of the years. Browning's fondness for dramatic lyrics is perhaps more strongly marked here than it had been for some time previously, but the lyrics themselves have not the passionate movement, the concentrated energy, of many of his early dramatic poems. Narrative and reflective, introspective verse had become preferred before those of vivid action. The influence of Browning's beloved Italy is strong; sometimes too much so for complete healthfulness. tellectual restlessness and discontent are expressed even more involvedly than usual in such poems as Rephan," while in "Reverie" he approaches as near a concrete definition of his belief regarding the future as he ever put on paper. curious and interesting poem the confession seems to be made that the author had thus far been unable to recognize in the universe anything beyond Power. But Power without Love cannot be perfect; and, as perfection must be the goal of existence, either Man will develop here a perception enabling him to trace the workings of Love behind the manifestation of what seems now but loveless Power; or, in another state of being, the Power whose cold force alone we feel at present will develop for us into the effect of Supreme Love.

The concluding lines-the "Epilogue"-embody the idea that after death the soul falls into no languorous trance, but that it continues to energize, to be active, to press forward and to achieve. The final stanza runs thus:

"No. at noonday in the bustle of man's work time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer?
Bid him forward, breast and back, as either should be,
Strive and thrive? cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever,
There as here?"

In the forepart of the volume are a handful of little love poems, far more dainty, graceful and flexible than the public have learned to expect from Robert Browning. The four poems entitled "Bad Dreams" are in substance, at least exoterically, very much what they are called, and they offer strong temptations to the exegetical proclivities of the Browning experts. There are some narrative pieces, mostly Italian in theme, taken from Papal tradition, local superstitions and beliefs, and artistic legend and fancy. Of such are "The Cardinal and the Dog," "The Pope and the Net," "The Bean Feast," "Ponte dell' Angels," "Beatrice Signorini," and "Imperante Augusto Natuo est ... the last being, in some respects, the most striking and vigorous, though "Beatrice Signorini" may be

considered by some more subtly wrought, The impatience of form which, when the outcome of intense and profound thought atoned for so much that was crude or obscure in expression, inevitably becomes less tolerable when it falls into a slovenliness concealing thin or feeble thinking. Form, when beautiful, will for a time make amends for the dearth of thought; but when there is bad form as the cover to poor thought, the effect is disappointing. In these his last verses, Browning clings to his abrupt cryptographic style, but he no longer veils mighty matter with it. He has in his own peculiar way heretofore discussed all the deeper problems of life, though there is no evidence that he had satisfied himself with any solutions. At the last he seems to have tried to content himself with hopes resting on a faith which he could not justify philosophically, but which, at the same time, he could not dispense with. He maintained his familiar function of critic, observer, reporter and psychologic analyst. to the last, as these poems demonstrate. One can perhaps wish him nothing better than the fruition of his ultimate speculation, in the finding a new world of wonders for his curious spirit to observe and ponder.

Here are a few of the least obscure verses of

and the bloom of the year in the bag If the breath and the bloom of the year.

of one bee:
All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the hear:
of one gem:
the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of

Breath and bloom, snace and since and how are above them—
Truth, that's brighter than gem,
Trust, that's purer than pearl—
Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe—all were
for the in the kiss of one girl.

MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG. Frowned the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed I catch thee?

Discretely our law of the border?

e've a gallows outside and a chiel to dispatch thee:

Who trespasses—hangs: all's in order."

He met frown with smile, did the young English gallant: Then the Laird's dame: "Nay, Husband, I beg! e's comely: be mereful! Grace for the callant —If he marries our Muckle-mouth Meg!"

"No mile-wide mouthed monster of yours do I marry; Grant rather the gallows!" laughed he. "Foul fare hith and kin of you-why do you tarry?" "To tame your flerce temper!" quoth she.

Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him week; Cold, darkness, and hunger work wonders; Who Hon-like roars now, mouse-fashion will squeak. And 'il rains' soon succeed to 'it thunders.'

A week did he bide in the cold and the dark

-Not hunger; for duly at morning
In fitted a lass, and a voice like a lark
Chirped, "Muckle-mouth Meg still ye're scorning?

"Go hang, but here's parritch to hearien ye first?"
"Did Meg's muckle-mouth beast within some such music as yours, mine should match it or burst. No frog-jaws! So tell folk, my Winsome!"

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole's door set wide.
Out he marched, and there waited the lassie;
You gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg for a bride!
Consider! Sky's blue and turd's grassy;

"Life's sweet; shall I say ye wed Muckle mouth Meg?"
"Not I." quoth the stout heart; "too ceris
The mouth that can swallow a bubblyjock's egg;
Shall I let it munch mine? Never, Dearie;"

"Not Muckle-mouth Meg. Wow, the obstinate man:
Perhaps he would rather wed me!"
"Ay, would he-with just for a dowry your can!"
"I'm Muckle-mouth Meg," chirrup of she.

"Then so-so-so-so-" as he kissed her apace-"Will I widen thee out till thou turnest From Margaret Minnikin-mou", by God's grace, To Muckle-mouth Meg in good earnest;"

ARCADES AMBO. A. You blame me that I ran away?
Why, sir, the enemy advanced;
Balls flew about, and—who can say
But one, if I stood firm, had glanced
In my direction? Cowardice?
I only know we don't live twice, fore-shun death, is my advice

Shun death at all risks? Well at some!
True, I myself sir, though I scold
The cowardly, by no means come
Under reproof as overbold
—I, who would have no end of brutes
Cut up alive to guess what suits
My case and saves my too from shoots.

THE POPE AND THE NET. What, he on whom our voices unanimously ran, Made Pope at our last Conclave? Full low his life His father earned the daily bread as just a fisherman. So much the more his boy minds book, gives proof of mother-wit.

Becomes first Deacon, and then Priest, then Bishop: No less than Cardinal erelong, while no one cries "Unfit!"

But some one smirks, some other smiles, jogs elbow and nods head: Each winks at each: "'I-faith, a rise! St. Peter's net, instead of sword and keys, is come in vogue!" You think he blushes red?

Not he, of humble holy heart! "Unworthy me " he the subject. The illustrations are numerous and good, and the work is provided also with maps and an index.

sight:

"From fisher's drudge to Church's Prince—it is indeed a rise:

so, here's my way to keep the fact forever in my eres.

And straightway in his palace-hall, where commonly some coat-of-arms, some portraiture ancestral, lo, we His mean estate's reminder in his fisher-father's net! Which step conciliates all and some, stops cavil in a "The humble holy heart that holds of new-horn pride no spice!

He's just the saint to choose for Pope!" Each adds, "Tis my advice."

So, Pope he was: and when we flocked-its sacred slipper on-To kiss his foot, we lifted eyes, alack the thing was That guarantee of lowlinead, -eclipsed that star which

Each eyed his fellow, one and all kept silence. I cried. "Pish!
I'll make me spokesman for the rest, express the common wish. Why, Father, is the net removed?" "Son, it hath caught the fish."

LOUISA ALCOTT.

THE RECORD OF AN UNSELFISH SOUL

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT: HER LIFE, LETTERS AND JOURNALS. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney. 16mo, pp. 404. Roberts Brothers. This biography of a successful writer is deeply interesting, not as a study of an author's intellectual development, but as the story of a woman's brave, unselfish and unremitting struggle to carry the burdens of a man. The remembrance of Miss Alcott's loving devotion to her philosopherfather inclines one to treat as kindly as may be his moonshine manner of bringing up a family: but it is difficult patiently to consider the miseries of sordid poverty, of mortification and hard physical labor which the pursuit of transcendental philosophy appeared to entail upon Mr. Alcott's womankind. His endeavors to "organize social life on a higher plane" were based on fantastic theories and an utter incapacity for practical affairs, and the results were always toil and suffering for wife and children. While Mr. Alcott held philosophical conversations at a low price of admission, with a small circle of " thoughtful" men and women, Mrs. Alcott kept an intelligence office, and cooked, scrubbed, washed and sawed for her family. Teaching in some form was the one thing which the husband could do, and there was little demand for instruction on the transcendental plan. Until Louisa's earnings came into play there was little reste and no physical comfort for mother. But in candor it must be said that there was plenty of love, patience, sincerity and aspira tion in this household. Mr. Alcott's nature was a sweet and kindly one, his ideals were high, and the affection and the reverence of his wife and daughters never failed, although they suffered from his experiments and saw the absurd side of his

There were the best qualities of the English race in Louisa Alcott, the descendant of two of the oldest of New-England families. Her life is a record of sturdy self-reliance, of noble endeavor, of ready resource, of purest unselfishness, and of that commonsense which is the balance which While still almost a child she began to earn money for the needy household; she sewed, she taught, she even " went out to service" for a short time-a disastrous experiment, which she has described in one of her stories-and best and most profitable of all, she wrote. In short, so far as fallible human nature permitted she followed her mother's rules set for her guidance in child.

Love your neighbor.

Do the duty which lies nearest you.

Mrs. Alcott was a wise mother, and there could have been no better teaching for the development of character than that Louisa received at her hands. Intellectual training was another matter: there was no systematic student life possible in the Alcott household. But there were a great many good old books as well as much high thinking; the girl was greedy for knowledge, and she became a rapid and intelligent reader. She was in the way, too, of hearing much wise talk; and Emerson, for whom she had an early enthusiasm, was one of her father's closest friends. She was hardly past bubyhood when she began to scribble little verses; and at sixteen she wrote some small stories, for which she afterward received the enormous sum of \$32. Her earlier work was not well paid-possibly it was not worth much-for how can a girl who is acting as teacher, housemaid, cook, and miliner find time to acquire and practise literary graces? She wrote nothing, however, that had not a lesson in true living. It was not until she had nearly reached middle age that "Little Women" appeared, and straightway brought her fortune and the love and admiration of a world of young people. began for her the happy experience of doing for her family all that as a child she had hoped to do: and there is a touching entry in her journal recording the payment of debts which had long weighed upon her independent spirit; she "could die in peace." Her care for her father, mother and sisters never ceased; and to the last day of her life she spent herself for these she loved, giving them not only money, but

personal service. These records show what Miss Alcott's friends have always known, that her stories and sketches were in most particulars transcripts of her own experiences at home and outside. Perhaps she never had a faculty for purely creative work; perhaps her unmethodical, haphazard training and her youth full of hardships and worry had kept it dormant. However that may be, her successful books are those in which the people, and joys and sorrows she knew, the lessons she had learned by hard knocks are closely duced. She had a strong vein of the dramatic in her composition, and this helped to give vigor and verisimilitude to her stories. They sparkle with fun, and they teach the noblest lessons; and heartily conceding this, we may be permitted to say that their literary style is atrocious. But let us be thankful for their homely wisdom and sunny humor; these qualities are rarer than

a good English style. Mrs. Chency has edited her friend's biography with excellent taste and judgment. It is a book which all girls ought to read.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Marquis of Lorne's first novelette is in course of publication in England. Its title is "A Canadian Love Story," and its hero is a young Canadian, who in love with the daughter of an Indian chief. Lord Lorne is now writing a biography of Lord

The concluding volume of Justin Winsor's valuable Narrative and Critical History of America" will shortly appear from the press of Houghton, Millin & Co. It covers the later history of British, Spanish and Portuguese America. A general index accompanies it.

The late John Crerar, of Chicago, long treasured a gift from Thackeray, and this letter-speaking evidently of some business service-which accompanied it:

of some business service—which accompanied it:

No. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton,
London, May 9, 1856.

My Dear Crerar—I ran away in such a hurry from
New-York that I forgot to shake your hand; perhaps
purposely forgot, for it's a weavy task, that taking
leave of good fellows. And now I write you a word of
thanks and farewell from my own house, which looks
thanks and farewell from my own house, which looks
thanks and farewell from my own house, which looks
thanks and farewell from my own house, which looks
thanks and farewell from my own house, which looks
thanks and farewell from my own house,
that I had dreamed the last seven months. Hefaney that I had dreamed the last seven months. Hefaney that I had dreamed the last seven months. Refane for you to Morcantile Library, and pray you to
keep it as a memento of a fread whom you have very
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whose huter stones a weak of the your
keep it as well as

That unpleasant young person, the Duc de Morny, has been for some time compiling and arranging the memoirs of his father, the first duke of that name. The father was also an unpleasant person, but he had brains.

Mr. Edward Bellamy has a brother who is also an unther, and who is about to publish a novel to be salled "An Experiment in Marriage." Mr. Charles sellamy is a lawyer who for several years has published.

lished "The News," an evening paper in Springfield, The real name of "Marie Corelli," the author of

several successful novels, is Minnie Mackay, and she is the daughter of Dr. Charles Mackay, the writer.

Now let the native novelist execute a war-dance round "The Boston Advertiser"! act," it says, "that the average foreign novel is much better written than the average American one; the foreign book is interesting, not because it has a oreign locale, but because it is a better piece of workmanship. No one would desire that readers should emain ignorant of the best foreign novels. Not to be ignorant of them is entirely compatible with knowing and reading the best American novels also. Lut to W. T. Brundage, \$75; "Hollyhocks," L. F. Cooker, read the best makes one critical, and then one inevitably perceives that of foreign novels and native novels which do not attain the first rank, the foreign

Walter Besant is writing for "The Independent" series of papers on social questions.

Captain Andrew Haggard, Rider Haggard's brother, ails his just-published novel "Dodo and I." characters have an Oriental setting; and two of them, Lady Aidee and Zuleika, the fair Circassian, can disintegrate and materialize themselves by a mere pinprick. The most notable instance of disintegration occurs at a regimental dance in Cairo. Lady Aidee is daucing with Captain Ross-the Dodo, as he is called by his brother-officers-when suddenly a strange He finds himself waltzing alone, thing happens. with outstretched arms, in the middle of the ballroom. A few minute; afterward the guests at a London dinner-party are aware of a bluish opaque film or shade which floats about their heads; and in the space of ten seconds more the film hardens into a beautiful woman in her ball dress of mauve silk and gold brocade.

A correspondent asks if "'Lucas Malet,' the English novelist, is really one of Charles Kingsley's daugh-

A celebrity-loving youth, wishing to capture Alphonse Karr, gushed about the sea, whose praises the Frenchman had often sung. This is the answer "I love the sea; we have lived together some time. But if you have come all the way from Paris to disgust me with it, I can only say it is a to do." Would that to whom flock the wicked thing to do." that weary authors selfish little lion-hunters, might be equally frank! It is grievous to think of the precious time which the men who do the work of the world are forced to waste on the Little-Pedlingtonians.

A WILD CLAIM.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN 26 HOURS.

Erom The Pall Mall Gazette.

Leonide Apostoloff, a young Cossack engineer, whose name is hardly known outside his own country, claims to have made a discovery and patented an invention destined to change the face of the maritime world. Wild as his claim may sound, for he asserts that his invention will enable us to cross the Atlantic in twenty-six hours, there is enough substance in his dream to have secured him three years' leave of absence by the Russian Government in order that he may prosecute his selentific researches. M. Apostoloff elected to study at Marseilles. There a representative of "The Pall Mall Gazette" called upon him. M. Apostoloff is tall and dark, his face bespeaks energy and great determination. He is eight-and-twenty.

"Is it true," asked our representative, "that you expect to perform the voyage from here to Algiers in four hours?" "Certainly," repiled M. Apastoloff.

"My boat will travel 100 knots an hour, that is to say, five times quicker than the fastest steamer. I have applied to navigation the spiral principle, that is all."

"But what is the spiral principle?" "It is some. From The Pall Mall Gazette.

"But what is the spiral principle?" "It is somewhat difficult to put into words. You know that it takes longer to hammer a nail into the wall than to screw it in. Again, in old days the ball from a gum takes longer to hammer a man take screw it in. Again, in old days the ball from a gum screw it in. Again, in old days the ball from a gum went thus — straight at its object and hit perhaps at a hundred yards. Now the ball is twisted out and goes immensely quicker and much further, still another illustration. Why does a man swim? Because he agitates his arms and legs you reply. Very good. But why does a serpent swim? and M. Apostoloit smiled triumphantiy. "You do not know? Perhaps you did not even know that he who tempted our first mother swam at all. Yet a serpent once in the water goes quicker along than the fastest fish."

"When I was

bed of the current used. Also low, by heads of an ingenious invention of their own. A rope was coiled several times round a large tree trunk. One end of the rope had been made fast; to the other coiled several times round a large free trunk. One end of the rope had been made fast; to the other dangled an iron claw named koschka, which signifies little cat's claw. At a touch from the hand the beam turned round in the water, the rope, unwinding itself with the rapidity of lightning, descended and the claw clutched hold of auything it found in the bed of the river, and at a reverse touch the beam brought it up to the surface. Sometimes very large stones were brought up in this manner. This struck me greatly. How intelligent of these poor peasants to have discovered the spiral principle for themselves: Simply dropping the rope into the water would not have been faint good! If you doubt his try it for yourself with a pencil and bit of thread."

"Then I suppose you began trying experiments:"

"Then I suppose you began trying experiments?"
"Just so, I tried many experiments, wishing also to
discover some new motor to drive my boat along
But the great principal of the thing lay in the spiral

idea."
"But how can you apply the pencil and thread plan
"But how can you apply the pencil and thread plan
"Thus My boat to look at it is not

the water, a thing the usual torpedo boat cannot do. This is, roughly speaking, a torpedo boat—half in and half out of the water. My Bateau Plongeur will remain habitually under water."

"Of what material will your Plongeur be made!"

"Of the strongest steel, to enable it to resist the great pressure of the water above it. On the other hand, the boat will be very light, so light indeed that in case of any injury to the machinery, etc., there will be no danger, for it will of itself rise to the surface of the water."

my discovery for the purposes of commerce, but, of course, as a torpedo-boat, it will be bresistable."

"Have you ever actually fried it yourself in writer?"

"Yes. Some time ago in Russia, on the Volga I was not rich, so I built my boat of fin, rather a fool-hardy proceeding. A steamer containing a party of my friends started to race me. In a few minutes I had rushed far beyond it, and in fact disappeared entirely from their sight. 'Alasi' cried they. 'Poor Apostoloff has gone to the bottom.' But after some time they came up to me. I was resting comfortably on the bank. Great, as you may suppose, was their joy and relief. But the extreme rapidity with which my boat had gone caused the tin, of which it was composed, to smash up."

"And when will you have your craft in working order?" "By January. It will be twenty-eight metres through in the thickest part. There will be room for twenty-like persons. My first voyage will be to Toulou and back in fifty minutes; my next trip will be an attempt back in fifty minutes; my next trip will be an attempt

five persons. My first voyage will be to Toulon and back he fifty minutes; my next trip will be an attempt to go to Aiglers and back in eigh hours. I now have over fifty applications from people anxious to go the trial trip."

"Now, M. Apostoleff, we come to what is of course

to go to Aiglers and back in eight hours. I now have over fifty applications from people anxious to go the trial trip."

"Now, M. Apostoloff, we come to what is of course an important item. Where does your motive force come from?" "Ah, that is my secret. I have discovered a new electric motor which cannot, unluckly, be patented; that is why I am keeping it to myself as long as I can. Soon it will become common property, but no one can steal from me my corps tournant," he added cheerfully, "and without that they can never hope to attain one-third of my speed.

"And what will be the relative cost of your Jateau Plongeur in comparison to the ordinary torpedo boat?" "Forty per cent cheaper, as far as the cost of construction is concerned, and 94 per cent cheaper in actual working expense. Thus the 100f, worth of coal which goes to supply the torpedo boat will be replaced by 6f, worth of my new motive force: In fact there will be practically no working expenses after the first installation."

"You can at least tell me one thing about your new motive power. Will it also supply the light?"

"You can at least tell me one thing about your new motive power. Will it also supply the light?"

"Yes, it will."

"Have you ever thought of seriously adapting your lateau Plongeur to passenger traffic?" "Certairly.

"Yes, it will."

"Have you ever thought of seriously adapting your Bateau Plongeur to passenger traffic?" "Cortainly. Think what it will be for a man of business to get to New-York in twenty six hours. Those who do not like the idea of being inside the shell will have to have a kind of platform attached to the extremities of two of my Bateaux Plongeurs."

"And do you propose to sell the patent to any country?" Certainly not; or, rather, if I did I should of course keep it for Russia, my own country."

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

CLOSE OF THE ACADEMY-NOTES ON OTHER EL

HIBITIONS-NEW PAINTINGS AND PRINTS, The autumn Academy exhibition closed last ing with sales exceeding \$11,000. Last year the total amount of the sales was about \$13,000. The pictures sold since the last time of writing are " Birches on the Thames," Ernest Parton, \$400; "The Breakfast," M. R. Dixon, \$175; "Plums," A. L. Crook, \$40; "Stranded, \$110; "An Old Stone Bridge," W. C. Fitler, \$75. Brook," A. F. Bunner, \$250; "Quail Shooting," J. B. Sword, \$200, and "A Heavy Surf," E. M. Bicknell 8450.

The next exhibition of the season will be that at

the Architectural League, which will be opened at Friday at the Fifth Avenue Galleries. The past exisbitions of the League have proved valuable contributions to public knowledge of progress in and applied art. This is a useful work, because recognition of architecture as a fine art and of the recent development in this country is not yet general ally established, and there are very few public exhibs tions of architectural designs. Moreover, the ground of applied art, with the possible exception of stained. glass work, has received insufficent attention. Mr. Lafarge's work in glass was frequently diten years ago, and much has been said since regard ing his methods and the methods of others. The needle painting" of the "Associated Artists" in familiar to a portion of the public, but too little known of American leather and iron work, and of the efforts which have been made to encourage wood cary. It would not be inappropriate in one sense to illustrate the work of American silversmiths, but this would probably be regarded foreign to the immediate purpose immediate foreign purpose League exhibitions. These the have offered some admirable illustrations of American pen and ink work, notably the drawings by Mr. Blum and, since the Salmagundi Club has given up public exhibitions it is much to be desired that more should be done in this direction. The League exhibitions are primarily professional and their limits are obvious, although these exhibitions have been made comprehen sive and generally instructive and valuab

The American Art Association wish to inform the public that the exhibition of Barye's work and the "Hundred Masterpieces" will not be seen in any other city. The purpose of this exhibition has been explained repeatedly, and it has been stated that the orks lent through the generosity of private owners would be returned to them as soon as this exhibiting closes, which will be about the middle of January, Nevertheless there seems to be a belief that the whole exhibition will be transferred to other cities. It may be well to repeat that the only opportunity to see this may nificent exhibition is that offered in this city up to January 15. The very few pictures which tributed by dealers may possibly be seen agar, and one, Millet's "Angelus," is to be taken through the country for public exhibition. But nearly all the paintings and bronzes belong to private collectes, who, in most cases, find it impoble to open the homes to the public. It is apparent that no is interested in art can afford to neglect this exhibition. In addition to the works offered in the five yalls illeries, a collection of American paintings is share In adjoining rooms, which are open to the public. Among them are two examples of Mr. Inness, one of which, a rich, deep-toned landscape, painted in 186, shows a remarkable union of comprehensive design and pictorial quality.

It is announced that another etching of " The Angelus," by Charles Waltner, is soon to be published by Messa. Knoedler & Co. and the American Art Association, or, to quote the exact expression, "on joint account Mr. Waltner was permitted to have it in his possess It was photographed, of course for his purpose, and the photograph retouched by him in the presence of the painting. It is stated that only 100 "artist's proofs" will be taken, and that the plate will destroyed without taking any other impr the familiar concession to the selfishness of connois seurship. Nevertheless, there are some comois who may entertain objections to this etching, since they purchased proofs of Waltner's first etching of "The Angelus" on the understanding that the edition was strictly limited. The etching which Waltner made for the Wilson catalogue was comparatively unim for the Wisson catalogue and the expected to "surpass himself" if possible, and of proofs from the plate done for M. Petit is expected to be particularly jubilant over the the career of "The Angelus" in this country like the career of Munkacsy's "Christ before Its ending, as well as in other respects. If the its ending, as well as in oth is sold with all rights, the employ Waltner to make a t has the most infinate knowledge of a painting cultury adapted to black and white reproduction, it is expressed in the detwick is much superior to the use of color.

A collection of paintings of flowers in water-colors been seen here, and this exhibition should prove

Mr. C. Klackner sends a newly published wood es graving by Miss C. A. Powell, after Mr. John Lafarent mural painting of "The Resurrection" in the chases of St. Thomas's Church. In order to give the full effect of the painting as it is seen, Miss Powell has as composition of the painting is familiar and it will be found that its translation into black and white has found that its translation has been accompanied by a rare sensitiveness to relative force and the gradiations of the colors. If relative force and the gradiations of the colors. If foreground, the highest in the sky formediately best prear the horizon. The intermediate lines on either the gradient are rendered with an admit of the gratient are rendered with an admit of the colors.

The next exhibition of the Union League offer a collection of early Greek figurines and a good of American paintings which should prove to be d be to form a small collection of the best examples a American landscape art. Within the last few year there has been a remarkable development in America landscape painting, and the proposed exhibition shell teach a lesson which appears never to have been learned by many amateurs.

Messrs. L. C. Delmonico & Co. have received a lars pastel by Leon Lhermitte, which may be regarded this medium which we have had in this country. The pleture, which is called "The Bathers-Close of Day," was seen at the Universal Exposition. It deals with one of the rural themes which Thermitte pains with much frankness and force, but often with a strength of linear design which is accompanied by instructed expression in color. In this pleture the softness and richness of the medium have proved helpful to the arctist. The scene is a riverside at subset, with peasant womer standing on the bank as boys dressing on the grass or disporting themselves in the water. One woman is toosing a baby in the air, while another, who stands in the water, holds out be acmy for the naked, delighted child. Both figures are well posed and the grorously dream, and they exhibit an accurate rendering of action. The figures of the boys in various affitudes have been carefully studied and intelligenty expressed, and the figures are painted with a sympathy expressed, and the figures are painted with a sympathy expressed that the study of the its particularly noticeable in the study of the two stands and a strong piece of work. Beyond the barbers is particularly noticeable in the study of the two actions and a streng piece of work. Beyond the barbers is a stretch of tranguli water reflecting the light which as stretch of tranguli water reflecting the light which as stretch of tranguli water reflecting the light which a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine by a vigorous designer is accompanied by a painfine of them in the second of the sea. The field which overlooks a

pathetic expression.

Messrs, Knoedier & Co. have hung several reletures in their gallery. Among them are painting of a marshy landscape by Mr. M painting of cows with a background of rec Wiggins, a roadway beside an apple orchard Arthur Parton, a cattle picture by Mr. W. T. Rienards, an stedy by Mr. Brickman, a large picture of Sewing Girls by Mr. Knight and another Elisabeth Gardner,